

CONAN THE
BARBARIAN

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FEB

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!

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AUTHORITY

CONAN

THE BARBARIAN

VS. THE GRIM
GREY
GOD!



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP



Bruce Smith

FROM OUT OF EARTH'S DIM, FORGOTTEN PAST--FROM THE CENTURIES WHICH
SPRAWL BETWEEN THE SINKING OF ATLANTIS AND THE DAWNING OF HISTORY--COMES--

CONAN THE BARBARIAN!™

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GRIM GREY GOD!

NIGHT IN HYPERBOREA*--THAT RUDE,
FIERCE LAND WHICH ONCE WAS FIRST
AMONG HYBORIAN KINGDOMS, BUT
NOW IS SUNKEN BACK INTO SAVAGERY
AND BARBARISM.

A VOICE ECHOES AMONG THE
BLACK REACHES OF THE REAR-
ING MOUNTAINS... AND AT ITS
SEFULCHRAL SOUND, CONAN
WHEELS, SNARLING LIKE A
WOLF AT BAY---

CROM'S
DEVILS!
WHO'S
THAT? IF IT'S
SOME
HYPERBOREAN
DOG, COME TO
SKEWER ME
BEFORE I CAN
BREAK MY
CHAINS,
I'LL---

STAN ROY BARRY
LEE • THOMAS • SMITH
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST

SAL BUSCEMA --
EMBELLISHER
SAM ROSEN -- LETTERER

FREELY ADAPTED FROM ROBERT E. HOWARD'S STORY
"THE GREY GOD PASSES!"

*SEE MAP IN OUR LETTERS SECTION.

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BUT NOW, SILENCE HANGS HEAVY ON THE STARS ONCE MORE -- AND SO CONAN DRAWS NEARER THE TALL STRANGER HE HAS ESPIED...



WELL, CONAN -- YOU ARE FAR FROM YOUR NATIVE CIMMERIA.

WHITHER DO YOU FLEE, WITH HYPER-BOREAN CHAINS ABOUT YOUR WRISTS?

I DO NOT KNOW YOU -- BUT IF YOU'VE COME TO TRY TO TAKE ME BACK...



FOOL! DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A MERE HUNTER OF RUNAWAY CAPTIVES?

THERE ARE WILDER MATTERS ABROAD.



CAN'T YOU SMELL IT, CONAN? THE SCENT OF BLOOD IS ON THE WIND...

THE MUSK OF SLAUGHTER -- AND THE SHOUTS OF THE SLAYING!



THERE IS WAR ALONG THE BORDERS, STRIPLING. THE SPEARS OF HYPER-BOREA ARE RISING AGAINST THE SWORDS OF BRYTHUNIA!

THE DEATH-FIRES SOON SHALL LIGHT THE LAND LIKE THE MID-DAY SUN.



HOW CAN YOU KNOW THIS? WE ARE LEAGUES FROM THE BORDER.

WHO ARE YOU -- THAT YOU WIELD A BATTERED YET GLEAMING SWORD?



TELL ME, OR I'LL TAKE THESE CHAINS IN HAND, AND...

WHAT?? YOU.. WOULD THREATEN ME!?

LIFT YOUR EYES, BOY.. AND LEARN TO WHOM YOU SPEAK!



AND NOW, THE CIMMERIAN
CRIES OUT-- AS, FROM
OUT THE BILLOWING CLOUDS
ABOVE, WITH A GREAT RUSH-
ING OF WIND, SWEEP TWELVE
SHAPES.

AS IN A NIGHTMARE,
CONAN BEHOLDS THE
TWELVE WINGED
HORSES AND THEIR
RIDERS-- WOMEN
IN FLOWING SILVER
GARMENTS, THEIR
GOLDEN HAIR
STREAMING BEHIND
THEM--- THEIR COLD
EYES FIXED ON
SOME AWESOME
GOAL BEYOND
HIS KEN.



THE
CHOOSERS
OF THE
SLAIN!

NOW COMES
THE REAPING OF
KINGS... THE
GARNERING
OF CHIEFS
LIKE A HARVEST.

TO EACH
BEING, THERE
IS AN APPONTED
TIME...



-- AND EVEN
THE GODS
MUST DIE!!

YOU COMPREHEND BUT
LITTLE OF WHAT YOU
HAVE SEEN AND HEARD,
CONAN.

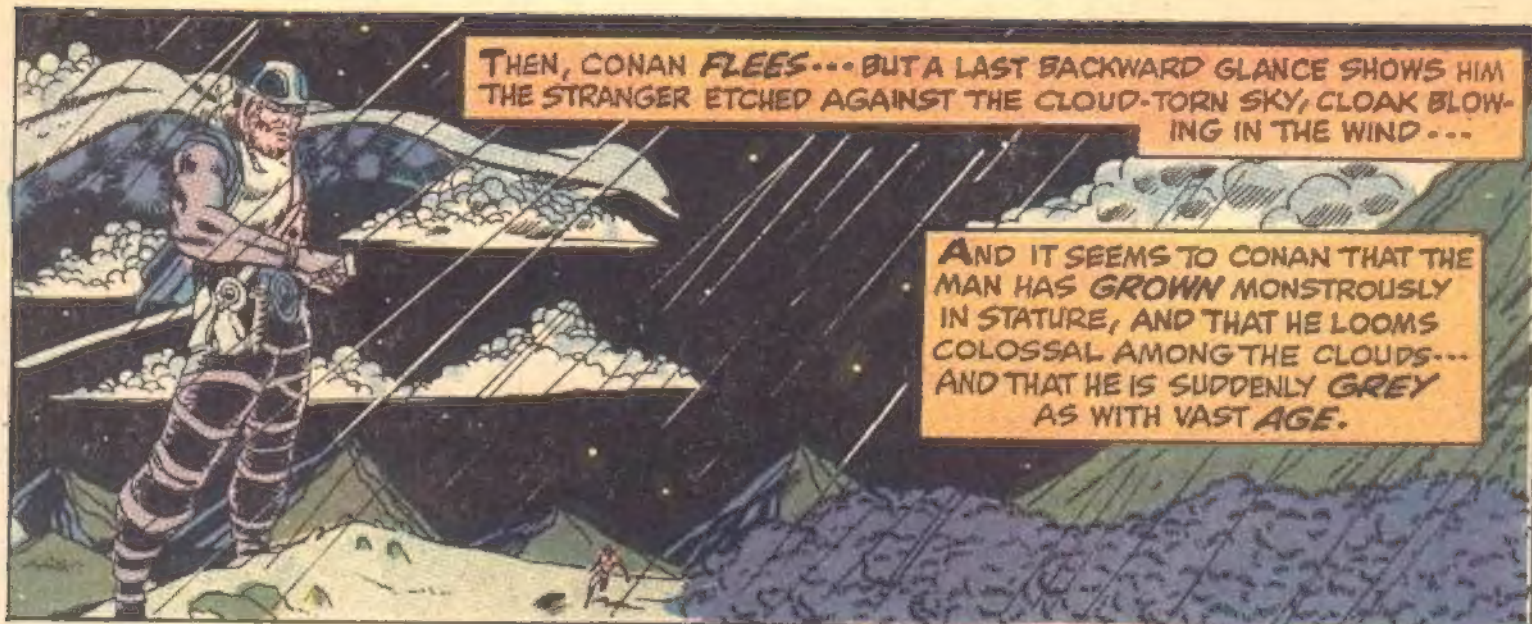
YET, SOON YOU SHALL
WITNESS THE PASSING
OF KINGS-- AYE, AND
OF MORE THAN
KINGS!

NOW, GET YOU GONE-- FOR
GIGANTIC SHADOWS STALK
RED-HANDED ACROSS THE
WORLD---

AND
NIGHT IS
FALLING ON
HYPER-
BOREA.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



THEN, CONAN **FLEES**... BUT A LAST BACKWARD GLANCE SHOWS HIM THE STRANGER ETCHED AGAINST THE CLOUD-TORN SKY, CLOAK BLOWING IN THE WIND...

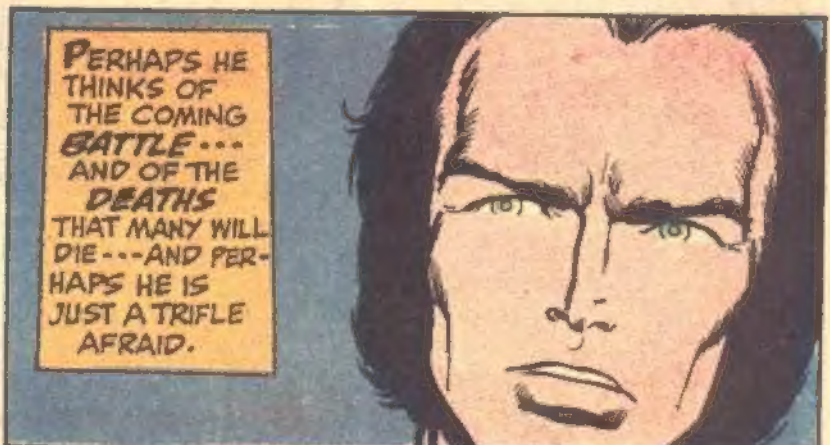
AND IT SEEMS TO CONAN THAT THE MAN HAS **GROWN** MONSTROUSLY IN STATURE, AND THAT HE LOOMS COLOSSAL AMONG THE CLOUDS... AND THAT HE IS SUDDENLY **GREY** AS WITH VAST AGE.



...THE SUMMER GALE HAS BLOWN ITSELF OUT NOW, AND A LONE HORSEMAN RIDES IN SOMBER SILENCE...



PERHAPS HE THINKS OF THE MAMMOTH CAMP-SITE NOT FAR DISTANT... OF 20,000 WARRIORS, MAKING DARK THE FACE OF THE FOREST.

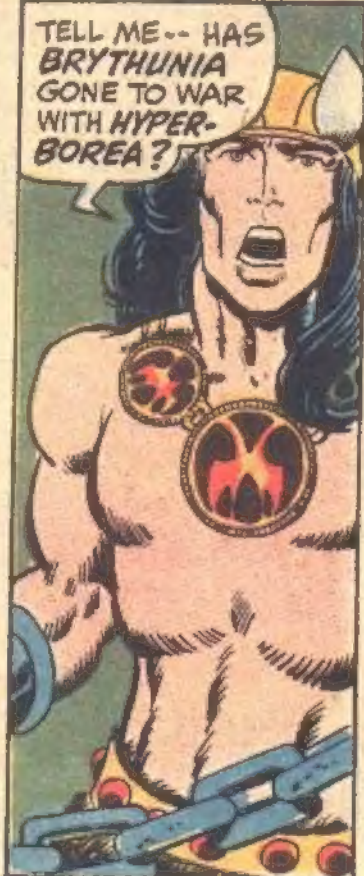


PERHAPS HE THINKS OF THE COMING **BATTLE**... AND OF THE **DEATHS** THAT MANY WILL DIE... AND PERHAPS HE IS JUST A TRIFLE AFRAID.



HO THERE, BRYTHUNIAN! REIN UP! I MUST **SPEAK** WITH YOU.

EH? WHO ARE YOU?



TELL ME-- HAS BRYTHUNIA GONE TO WAR WITH **HYPERBOREA**?



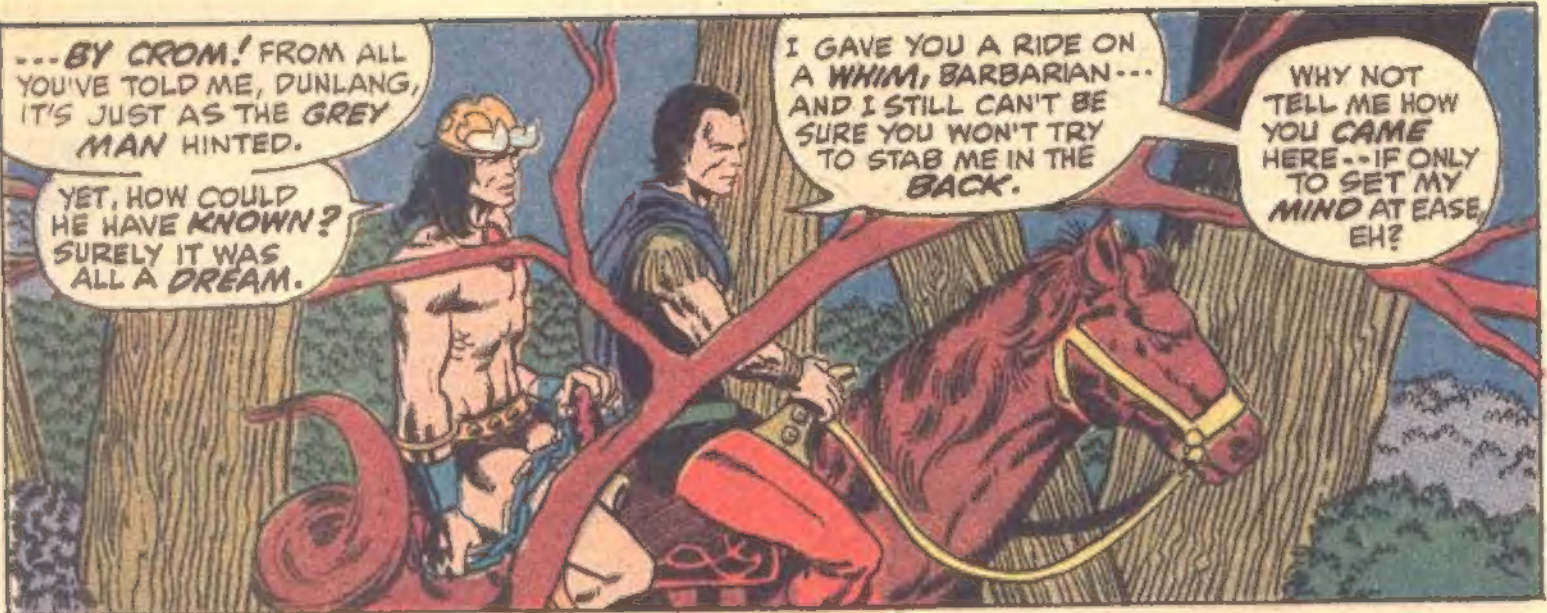
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY **QUESTION**, FELLOW... BUT YOUR **CHAINS** TELL ME YOU'VE LATELY BEEN IN **HYPERBOREAN SLAVE PENS**.

THEN-- YOU MUST TAKE ME **WITH** YOU--

AND THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUERY IS... **YES!**



...FOR, I HAVE MANY **HYPERBOREANS** TO KILL.



---BY CROM! FROM ALL YOU'VE TOLD ME, DUNLANG, IT'S JUST AS THE GREY MAN HINTED.

YET, HOW COULD HE HAVE KNOWN? SURELY IT WAS ALL A DREAM.

I GAVE YOU A RIDE ON A WHIM, BARBARIAN... AND I STILL CAN'T BE SURE YOU WON'T TRY TO STAB ME IN THE BACK.

WHY NOT TELL ME HOW YOU CAME HERE...IF ONLY TO SET MY MIND AT EASE, EH?



"DONE, FRIEND. I WAS TRYING TO GET HOME AFTER A BATTLE WITH SOME--APES-- WHEN HYPERBOREAN SLAVE TRADERS WAYLAID ME.



"THEY TOOK ME BACK TO THEIR LAND-- AND THERE WAS A BLOND ONE WHO WAS HANDY WITH THE LASH.



"BUT ONE NIGHT, A GUARD WAS CARELESS...



"-- AND I FLED!



"THE BORDER OF YOUR KINGDOM WAS CLOSEST, SO I MADE FOR IT--

"-- HOPING, PERHAPS, TO MEET THAT BLOND ONE ALONG THE WAY."



WELL TOLD, MAN. YOU'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT SCUM, ALL RIGHT.

BUT THERE'S OUR CAMP BELOW.



DON'T GO BACK, DUNLANG! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE... DON'T GO BACK!

EEVIN!

WHO...?

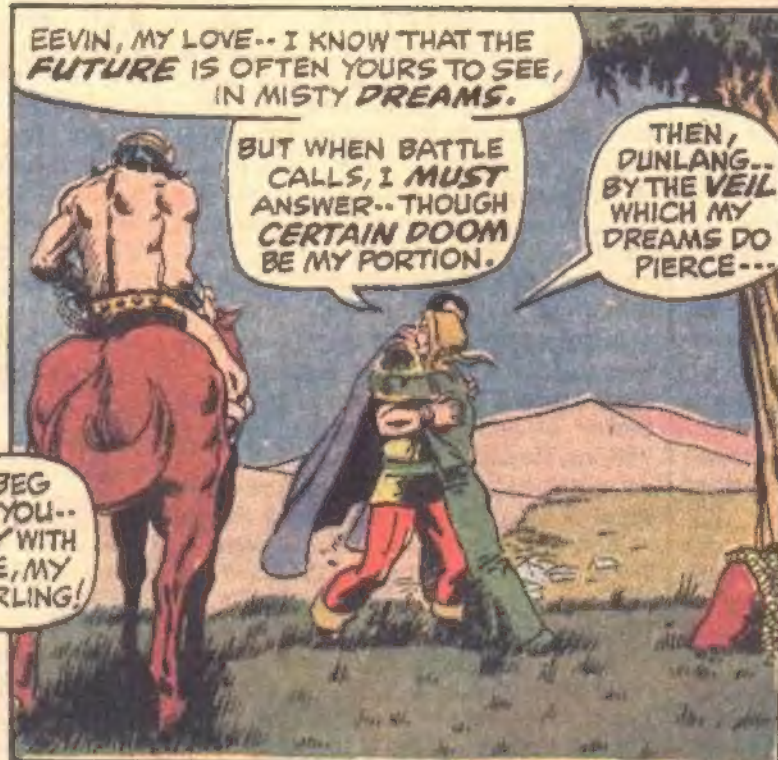


THEN-- YOU'VE NOT FORGOTTEN ME-- NOT EVEN HERE, WITH THE VULTURE OF WAR HOVERING BLACK IN THE AIR.



COME **AWAY** WITH ME-- TO SHADOWED FORESTS WHERE THE YEARS SEEM LIKE HOURS, DRIFTING BY FOREVER.

I BEG OF YOU-- FLY WITH ME, MY DARLING!



EEVIN, MY LOVE-- I KNOW THAT THE **FUTURE** IS OFTEN YOURS TO SEE, IN MISTY DREAMS.

BUT WHEN BATTLE CALLS, I **MUST** ANSWER-- THOUGH **CERTAIN DOOM** BE MY PORTION.

THEN, DUNLANG-- BY THE **VEIL** WHICH MY DREAMS DO PIERCE---



--YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

WHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE VAST WOOD, MID-WAY BETWEEN THE CAMPS OF BRYTHUNIAN AND HYPERBOREAN...



PLEASE, MALACHI... WE MET HERE TO SPEAK OF OUR PLAN, REMEMBER?



BAH! HOW CAN I THINK OF SCHEMES AND WARS, **KORMLADA** --WHEN YOUR PRESENCE BOILS MY BLOOD... YOUR LOVELINESS FILLS MY MIND...?

NO, MALACHI. YOU KNOW THAT THE TIME GROWS **SHORT**.



YES, AND I AM COMMANDER OF THE **BRYTHUNIAN CAVALRY**--

--WHILE YOU ARE, **KING TOMAR'S WOMAN**--HE WHO IS WARLORD OF THE FIERCE **HYPERBOREANS**.

AND HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY LORD'S **OFFER**?



AYE! WHEN THE FATEFUL MOMENT COMES IN THE MORROW'S BATTLE, I SHALL **HOLD BACK** MY HORSEMEN -- AND THE DAY SHALL BELONG TO **KING TOMAR**.

BUT, I WANT MORE THAN TOMAR'S PROMISE OF **RICHES** IN RETURN FOR MY **TREACHERY**.

I WANT **ALSO**--



--THE **KISS** OF A **DEVIL-BORN QUEEN!**

AND SO THEY PART-- THE BRYTHUNIAN TRAITOR-TO-BE, AND THE HAUGHTY, HIGH-BORN KORMLADA--!



-- AYE, DUNLANG I REPEAT MY DREAD-ED WORDS.

IN MY DREAMS, I HAVE BEHELD YOU DEAD-- AND RINGED ABOUT WITH SHOUTING WARRIORS.



YET, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A GIFT AGAINST THE TIME OF BATTLE.

IT MAY SAVE YOU-- BUT I HOPE WITHOUT HOPE IN MY HEART.

A COAT OF-- GOLDEN MAIL?



AND ENCHANTED MAIL, TOO, IF I KNOW MY EEVIN-- WHOSE RACE WAS OLD WHEN THIS LAND WAS YOUNG.

THOUGH I HAVE ALWAYS DISDAINED ARMOR, I SHALL WEAR THIS-- FOR YOUR SAKE, IF NOT MY OWN.



NOW COME, CONAN-- IT IS TIME TO GO.



TAKE CARE, GREAT DUNLANG. BE NOT EVER IN THE FORE-FRONT OF TOMORROW'S CLASH.

FOR, OUR FOES ARE MAD WITH THE LUST FOR CONQUEST--



--AND I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF GREY DEATH HOVERING NEAR ME.

ANOTHER CAMP LIES BEYOND THE FOREST GREEN-- THE CAMP OF THE SAVAGE HYPERBOREANS-- AND WITHIN THIS CAMP, THE TENT OF THE HOT-BLOODED KING TOMAR--

KORMLADA!



MUST YOU BELLOW SO, TOMAR?

I HAVE JUST RETURNED-- FROM THE MISSION ON WHICH YOU YOURSELF SENT ME.





WELL THEN, **TELL ME!** WILL THE BRYTHUNIAN **MALACHI** WITHHOLD HIS CAVALRY--- AND GIVE ME THE **VICTORY?**

YOU-- ARE **HURTING** ME, MY LORD.

I'LL **BREAK YOUR** ARM, IF YOU DO NOT **TELL ME--!**

HE.. WILL DO AS YOU ASK--!



GOOD. I KNEW THE FOOL COULD BE **BOUGHT.**

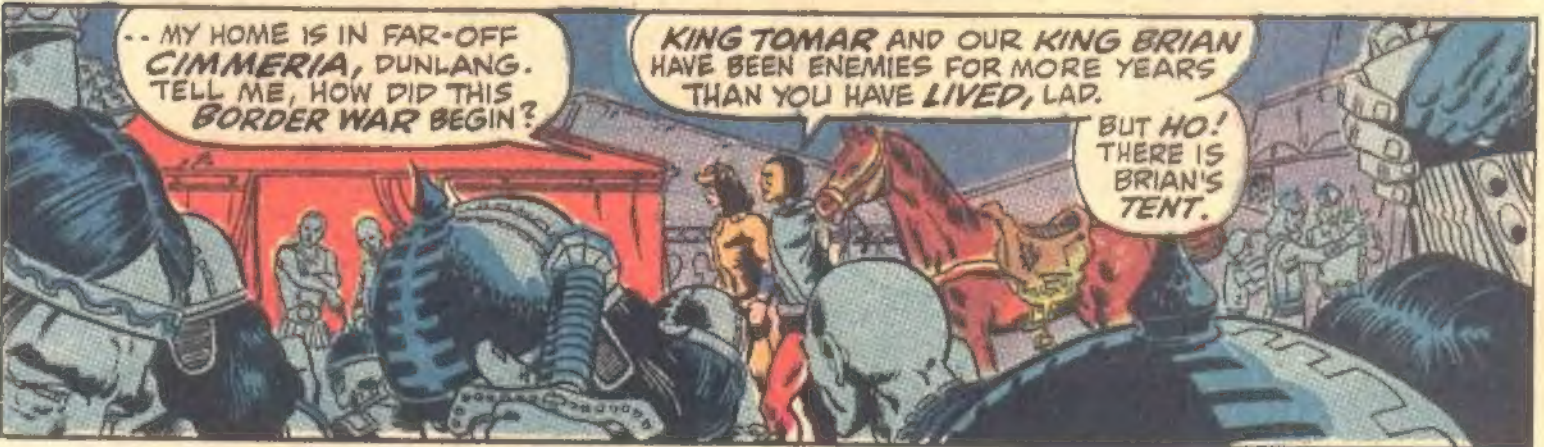
NOW, BACK TO YOUR **KNITTING,** WOMAN--



I MUST MAKE READY FOR THE **BATTLE** TO COME.

AND WHEN THE BATTLE IS **DONE,** SWINE-- AND THE **BRYTHUNIAN** HOSTS ARE SCATTERED---

I'LL PUT A **DAGGER** IN YOU-- AND SET UP **MALACHI** AS MY **PUPPET** KING!



-- MY HOME IS IN FAR-OFF **CIMMERIA,** DUNLANG. TELL ME, HOW DID THIS **BORDER** WAR BEGIN?

KING TOMAR AND OUR **KING BRIAN** HAVE BEEN ENEMIES FOR MORE YEARS THAN YOU HAVE **LIVED,** LAD.

BUT **HO!** THERE IS **BRIAN'S** TENT.



DUNLANG! WE FEARED OUR FAVORITE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN **CAPTURED!** BUT-- IS THIS SOME **CAPTIVE** HYPERBOREAN YOU BRING WITH YOU?

NO HYPERBOREAN, SIRE-- BUT A **CIMMERIAN** NAMED **CONAN,** COME TO HELP OUR CAUSE.

--TILL I HAVE **SLAIN** THE **BLOND** SAVAGE WHO PUT THEM THERE--

AYE, AND MANY OF HIS **BRETHREN** BESIDES!

THEN-- WHY THE **CHAINS?**



I HAVE SWORN THESE CHAINS WILL **NOT** LEAVE MY WRISTS, O KING---



WELL SPOKEN. AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR **CHANCE,** WHEN **FIRE-FINGERED** DAWN DRAWS NEAR.

LATER, 'ROUND A ROARING
CAMPFIRE---

YOU!
BARBARIAN!

I AM **MALACHI**, CHIEF OF ALL
THE KING'S HORSEMEN.

HE HAS
ORDERED
ME TO SEE
THAT YOU
PICK A
WEAPON
FOR THE
COMING
BATTLE, IF
YOU WOULD
FIGHT FOR
US---

I DO **NOT**
FIGHT FOR
YOU, PIG-
EYES... BUT
AGAINST
THE **HYPER-**
BOREANS.

AND I'LL
DO IT
MY WAY.

INSULT
ME, WILL
YOU,
STRIPLING?

IF YOU WERE
NOT UNDER
DUNLANG'S
PROTECTION,
I'D--

THERE'S
BUT **ONE**
THING YOU
CAN DO FOR
ME, PIG-
EYES---

SLICE MY
CHAIN--
HERE, WHERE
I POINT.



NOW-- I HAVE
MY WEAPON.

A HUNK OF
RUSTING
CHAIN?
BAH---
YOU'LL BE
THE **FIRST**
TO FALL.

AND ALL THE NIGHT IS
GREY--AS GREY AS THAT
GRIM, STARK **GIANT**,
WHOSE WORDS STILL RING
IN CONAN'S EARS---

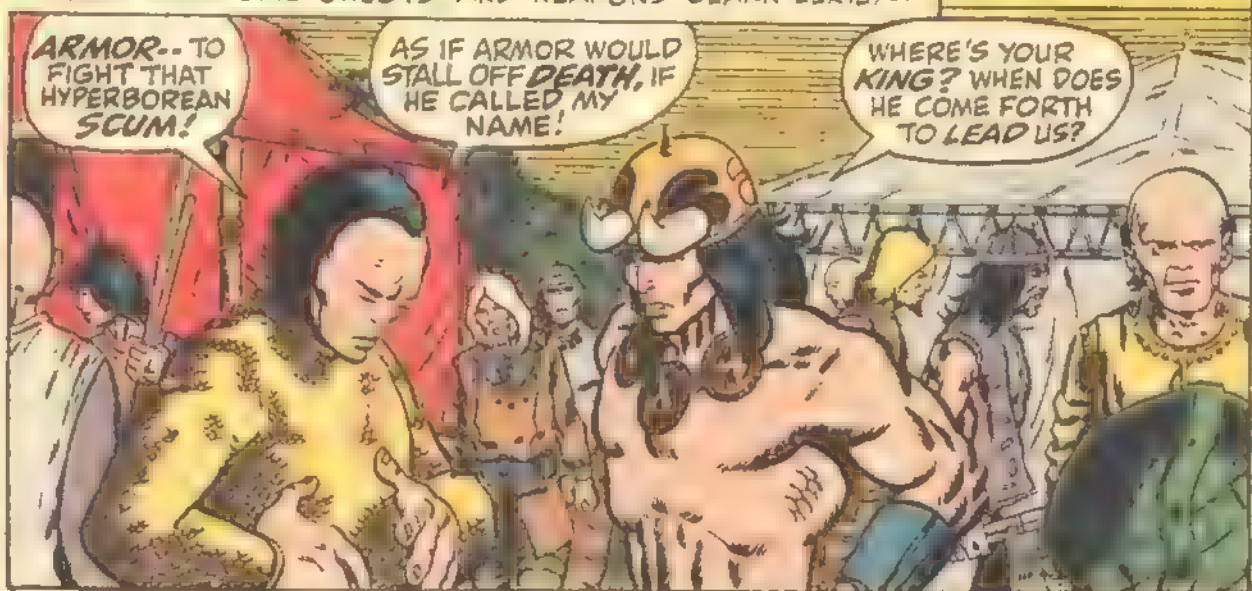
"SOON YOU SHALL
WITNESS THE PASS-
ING OF **KINGS**--
AYE, AND OF MORE
THAN **KINGS**!"

BUT--
IN THE
END--
IT WILL
MATTER
LITTLE---



THEN, THRU THE MIST OF THE WHITENING DAWN--

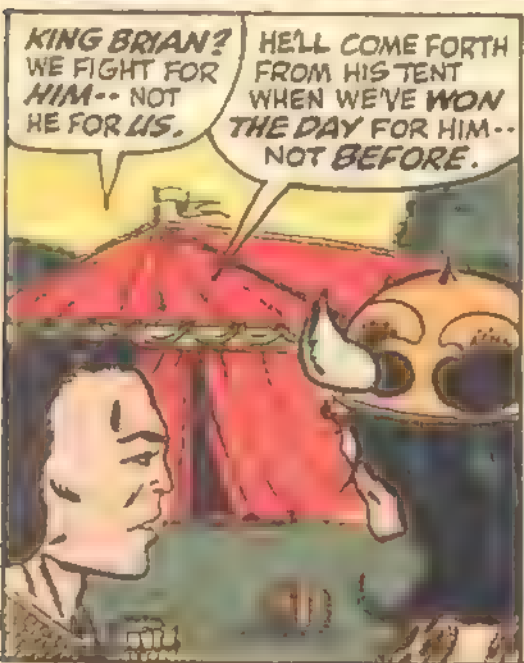
...MEN MOVE LIKE GHOSTS AND WEAPONS CLANK EERILY...



ARMOR-- TO FIGHT THAT HYPERBOREAN SCUM!

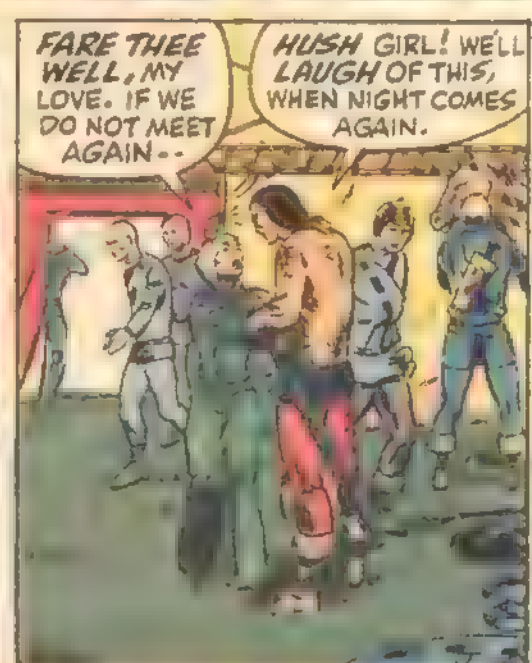
AS IF ARMOR WOULD STALL OFF DEATH, IF HE CALLED MY NAME!

WHERE'S YOUR KING? WHEN DOES HE COME FORTH TO LEAD US?



KING BRIAN? WE FIGHT FOR HIM-- NOT HE FOR US.

HE'LL COME FORTH FROM HIS TENT WHEN WE'VE WON THE DAY FOR HIM-- NOT BEFORE.



FARE THEE WELL, MY LOVE. IF WE DO NOT MEET AGAIN--

HUSH GIRL! WE'LL LAUGH OF THIS, WHEN NIGHT COMES AGAIN.



HORSEMEN, HO! DUNLANG-- GATHER YOUR HOSTS-- ERE THE NORTHERN DOGS ARE UPON US!



AND SO THE OLD SEND FORTH THE YOUNG TO DIE.. WHILE THEY MAKE MERRY IN THEIR TENTS.

BACK IN CIMMERIA, OUR KINGS LEAD THE CHARGE--- THEIR BROAD-SWORDS IN THEIR HANDS.



MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE NOT.. CIVILIZED.

NOR DOES EVEN THE TREACHEROUS KING TOMAR SKULK IN THE SAFETY OF HIS TENT... BUT LEADS HIS WILD HORDE AS THE RAM LEADS THE FLOCK--

FOR BORRI!
BORRI!!

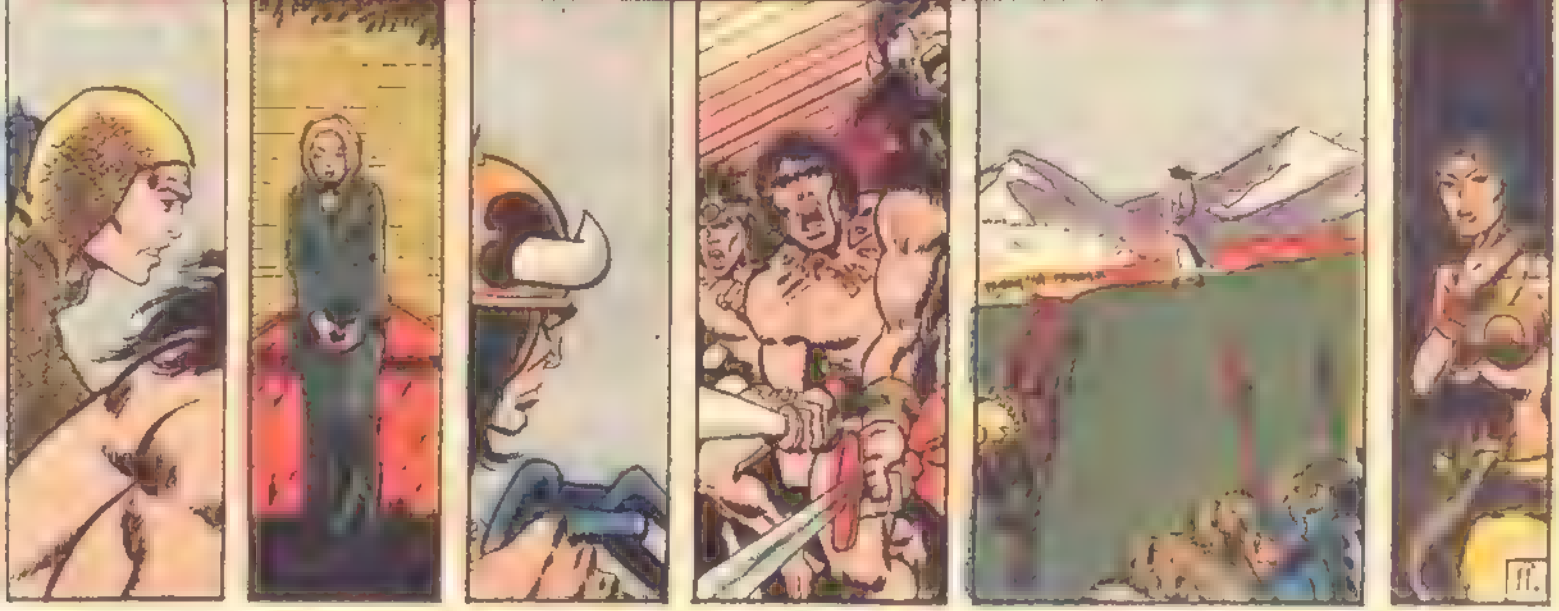
BORRI? WHOSE NAME IS THAT THEY SHOUT? AND WHO'S THAT DARK ONE GOADING THEM ON?

BORRI'S THEIR WAR-GOD, WHOSE SACRIFICES ARE THE SOULS OF THOSE SLAIN IN BATTLE...

... WHILE THE WILD-MANED ONE IS TOMAR, THEIR KING ... WHO HAS SENT MORE WARRIORS TO BORRI THAN MORTAL MAN CAN COUNT.

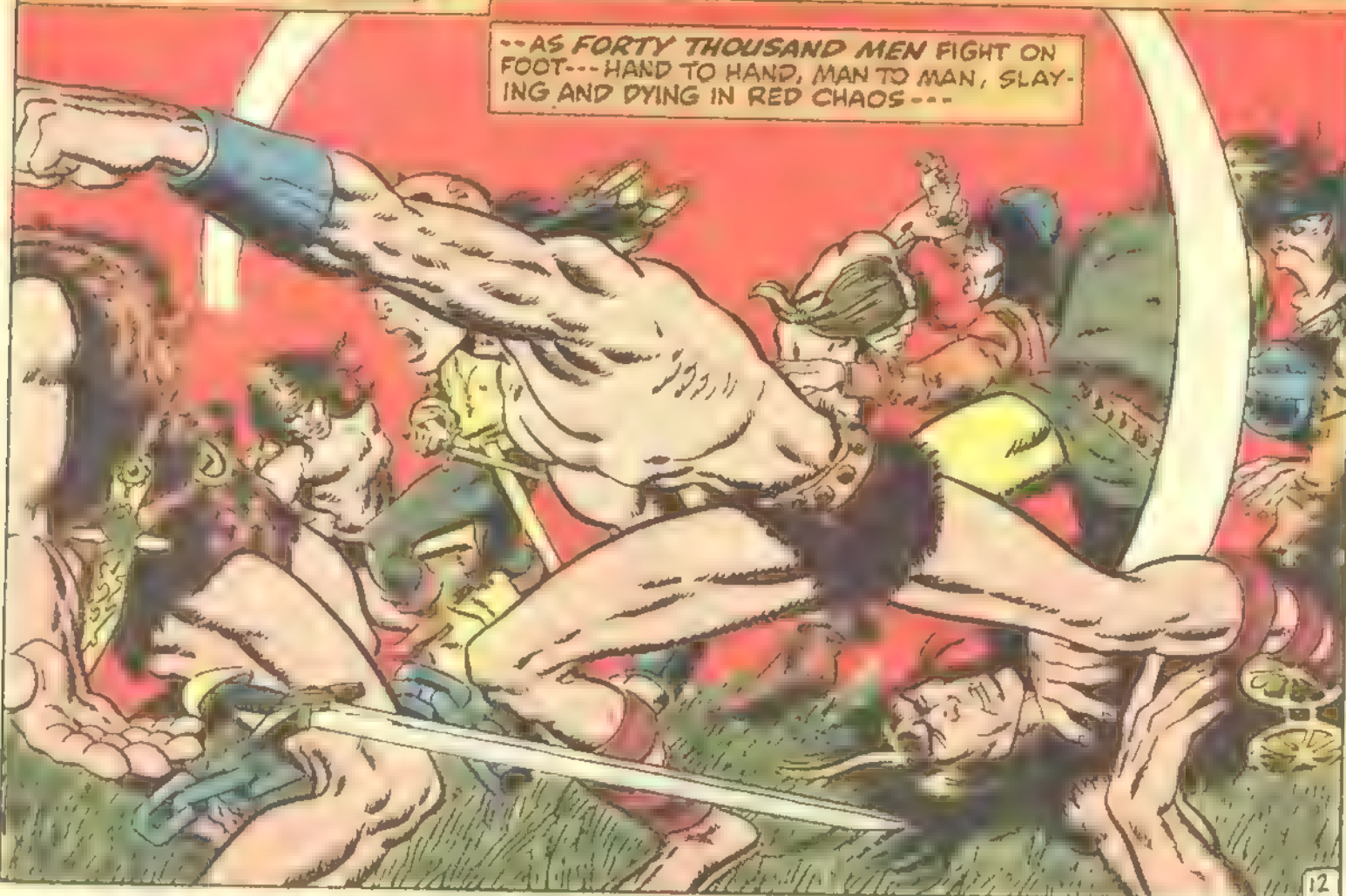
BUT NOW, THEY CHARGE-- SO STAND YOU FAST, CIMMERIAN--

"... FOR THIS IS THE DAY THE RAVENS DRINK BLOOD!"



AND NOW, A DEEP-TONED ROAR GOES UP TO THE HEAVENS... AND TWO GREAT HOSTS ROLL TOGETHER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE. THERE ARE NO MANEUVERS OF STRATEGY, NO CAVALRY CHARGES, NO FLIGHTS OF STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS...

--AS FORTY THOUSAND MEN FIGHT ON FOOT---HAND TO HAND, MAN TO MAN, SLAYING AND DYING IN RED CHAOS---



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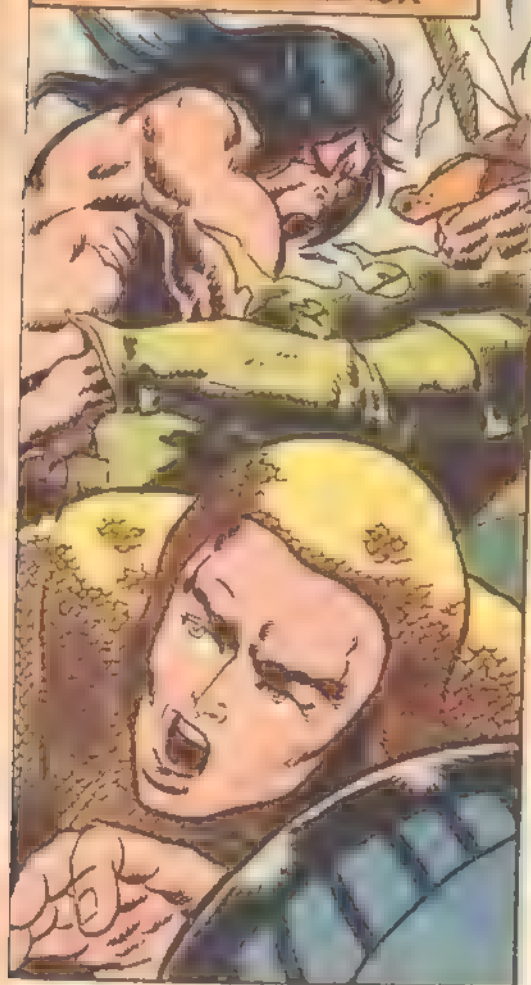
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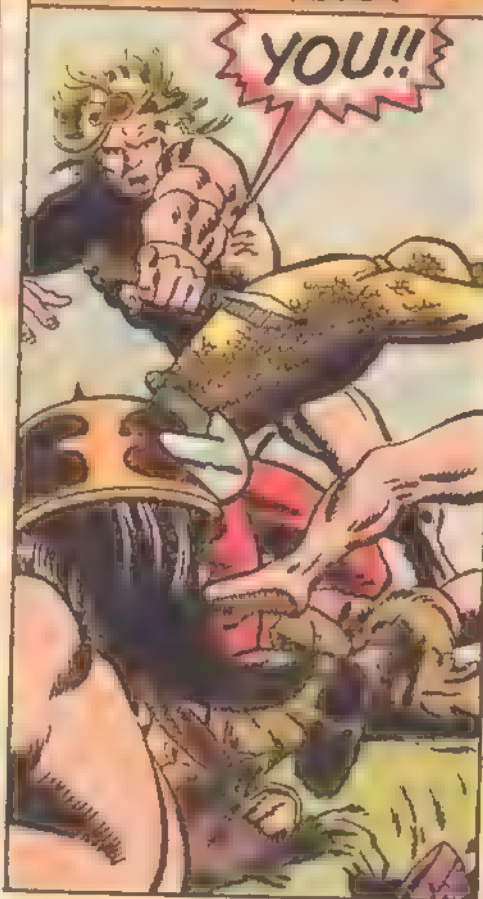
JOHNSON SMITH CO.

Dept. 3112, Detroit, Mich. 48224

FOR DUNLANG, THE DARK PROPHECY OF Eevin is FORGOTTEN-- THOUGH BLOW AFTER BLOW IS WARDED OFF BY MAGIC-FORGED ARMOR---



THEN SUDDENLY, IN THAT MAD SEA OF BATTLE WHERE WILD FACES COME AND GO LIKE WAVES, THE YOUTH CALLED CONAN BEHOLDS A BOLD, BLOND HYPERBOREAN-- AND REMEMBERS A LASH THAT BIT LIKE AN ANGRY ADDER--



I SEE NO GLINT OF RECOGNITION IN YOUR EYES. YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ME ---



BOYS! MEN!

MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD CAN GIVE YOU POWERFULLY TONED MUSCLES AND PUT FULL STRENGTH IN YOUR MUSCLES... MAKE THEM SO STRONG YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW FULL OF STRENGTH YOU ARE! IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY--WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WEIGHTS, NO BAR BELLS, NO FORMAL LONG EXERCISES AT ALL!! (MAKES GLADIATOR MUSCLES TO A GLADIATOR JOB)



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Pal--do yourself a favor... Try your muscles and see if they are as strong as you would like them to be. Can you lift as much as you really should be able to? Are you ashamed of your muscle strength? Believe it or not I can increase your muscle tone... add strength to your muscles... improve your ability to display your new found BIG MUSCLE STRENGTH... enough to make you proud so you will beam with delight at how strong you have become, at how easily you perform things that require muscle tone--strength--endurance--that you never thought you had in you!

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MIKE MARVEL, Dept P-11 Box 322, Lenox Hill Sta. New York, N.Y. 10021

O.K. Mike Marvel, enclosed is my \$1.98. Send me your entire Dynaflex System in one book which includes a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS". I must agree that the Dynaflex method has given me powerfully toned muscles, put full strength in my muscles, made me so strong that I can be proud to show my friends how strong I am.

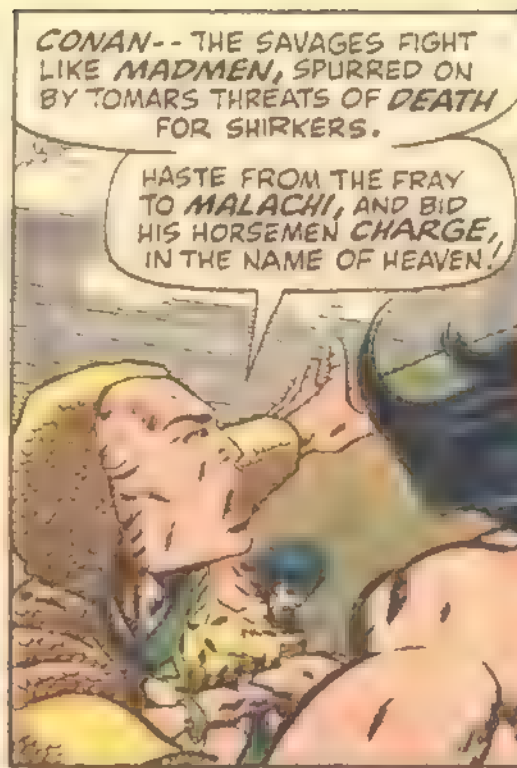
And it must do this in 10 minutes a day--with nothing else to buy--now or in the future, or I get my \$1.98 back--with no questions asked upon return of the book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



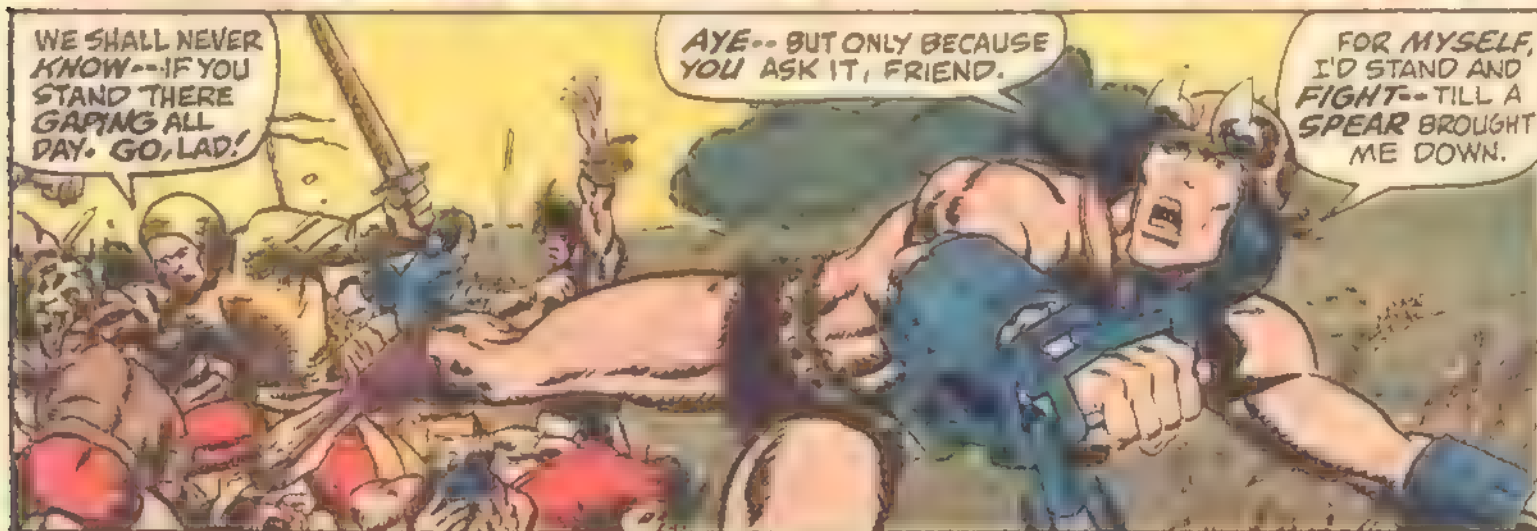
--BUT I DID NOT FORGET!



CONAN-- THE SAVAGES FIGHT LIKE MADMEN, SPURRED ON BY TOMARS THREATS OF DEATH FOR SHIRKERS.

HASTE FROM THE FRAY TO MALACHI, AND BID HIS HORSEMEN CHARGE, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN!

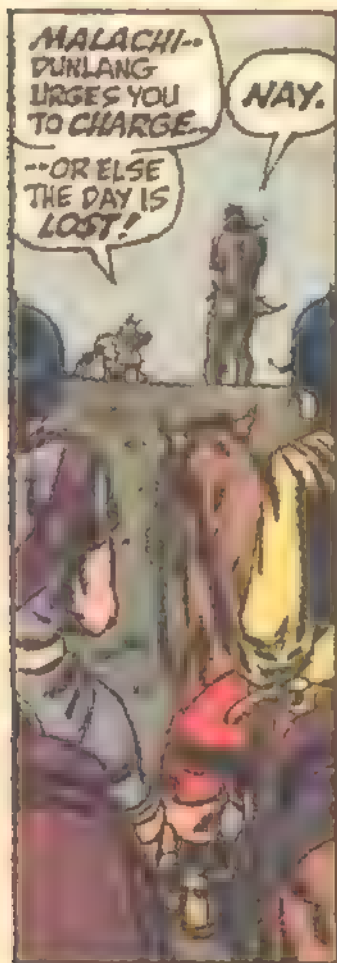
IS THE MAN BLIND-- OR IS THERE SOME DARK PURPOSE IN HIS DELAY?



WE SHALL NEVER KNOW--IF YOU STAND THERE GAPING ALL DAY. GO, LAD!

AYE-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU ASK IT, FRIEND.

FOR MYSELF, I'D STAND AND FIGHT--TILL A SPEAR BROUGHT ME DOWN.



MALACHI-- DUNLANG URGES YOU TO CHARGE--

NAY.

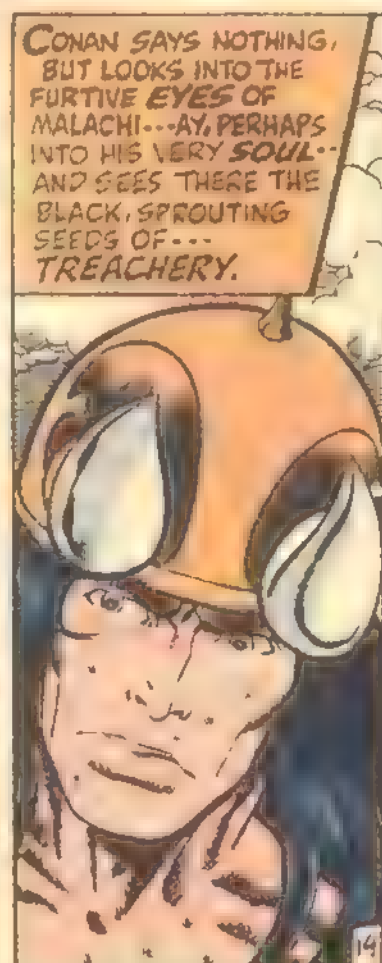
--OR ELSE THE DAY IS LOST!



IT IS NOT YET TIME.



I WILL CHARGE-- WHEN THE TIME COMES.



CONAN SAYS NOTHING, BUT LOOKS INTO THE FURTIVE EYES OF MALACHI--AY, PERHAPS INTO HIS VERY SOUL-- AND SEES THERE THE BLACK, SPROUTING SEEDS OF-- TREACHERY.

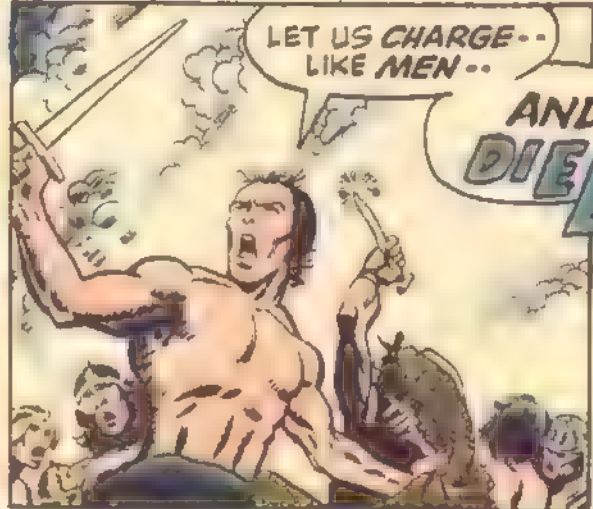


DUNLANG! MALACHI SAYS HE WILL CHARGE--WHEN THE TIME COMES.

BY THE GODS.. WE ARE BETRAYED!

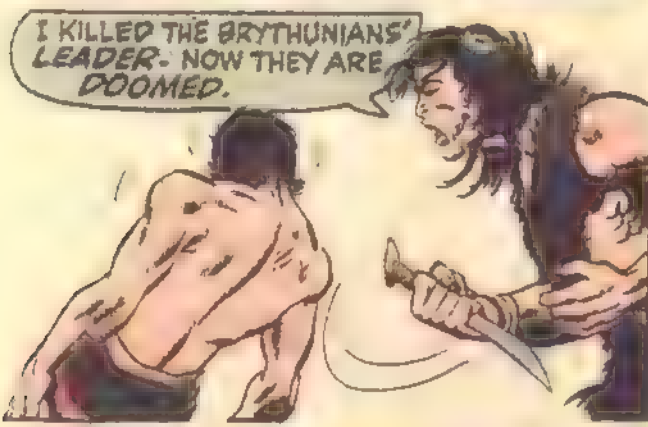


THEN-- THE DEVIL TAKE THIS ARMOR! I'LL WEAR IT NO LONGER!

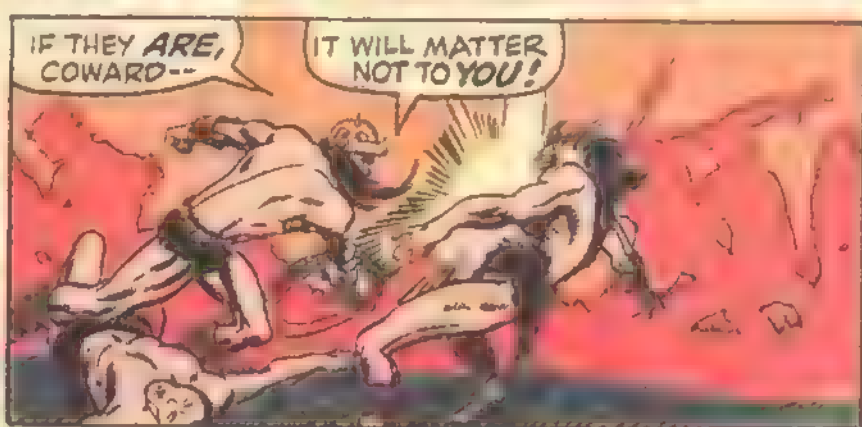


LET US CHARGE-- LIKE MEN --

AND DIE



I KILLED THE BRYTHUNIANS' LEADER- NOW THEY ARE DOOMED.



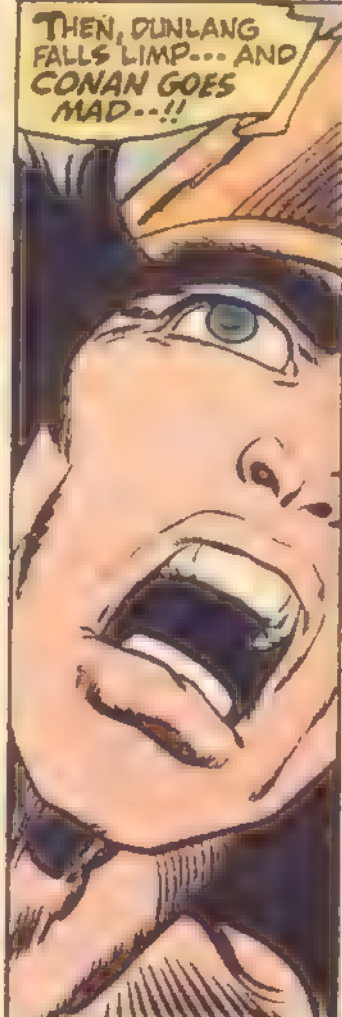
IF THEY ARE, COWARD--

IT WILL MATTER NOT TO YOU!

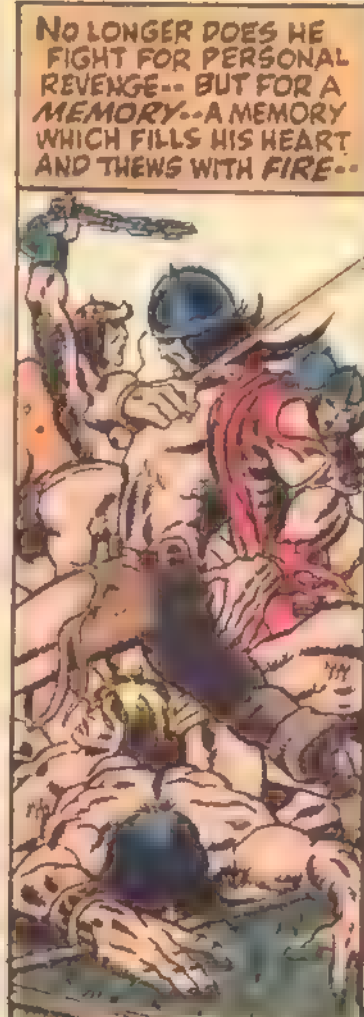


DUNLANG-- LEAN ON ME, MAN, AND I'LL CARRY YOU TO---

NAY.. JUST TELL EEVIN-- TELL HER I---



THEN, DUNLANG FALLS LIMP--- AND CONAN GOES MAD---!!



NO LONGER DOES HE FIGHT FOR PERSONAL REVENGE-- BUT FOR A MEMORY--A MEMORY WHICH FILLS HIS HEART AND THEWS WITH FIRE--



-- AND WHICH, FINALLY, FILLS AN ARMY WITH THE WILL TO WIN IT THOUGHT IT HAD LOST--

BLAST THAT CHAIN-WIELDING FOOL!

HE'LL YET COST ME MY KINGDOM -- MY LIFE!

BUT, ALL IS NOT YET LOST-- IF BRIAN DIES AT MY HAND.

AND--YONDER LIE HIS TENTS!

THUS DO THEY PASS, LIKE TWO SHIPS IN THE NIGHT-- THE ONE WHO HAS ORDERED THOU-SANDS TO THEIR DEATHS--

--AND THE OTHER --

--FOR WHOM THE FAST-SETTING SUN SHALL NEVER RISE AGAIN.

THE BATTLE'S DONE-- AND STILL MALACHI STANDS UNMOVING ON THE HILL.

WAIT THERE, TRAITOR-- JUST A FEW MOMENTS LONGER.

QUICKLY-- MY HORSE!

DID YOU HEAR ME, YOU SNIVELING--?

WAIT! COME BACK HERE! DON'T LEAVE ME!

COME BACK!

HAH! LOOK AT THAT ONE WEEP, FOR SOME FRAIL, FALLEN WARRIOR.

KORMLADA KNOWS NO SUCH WEAKNESS-- NO SUCH FOLLY.

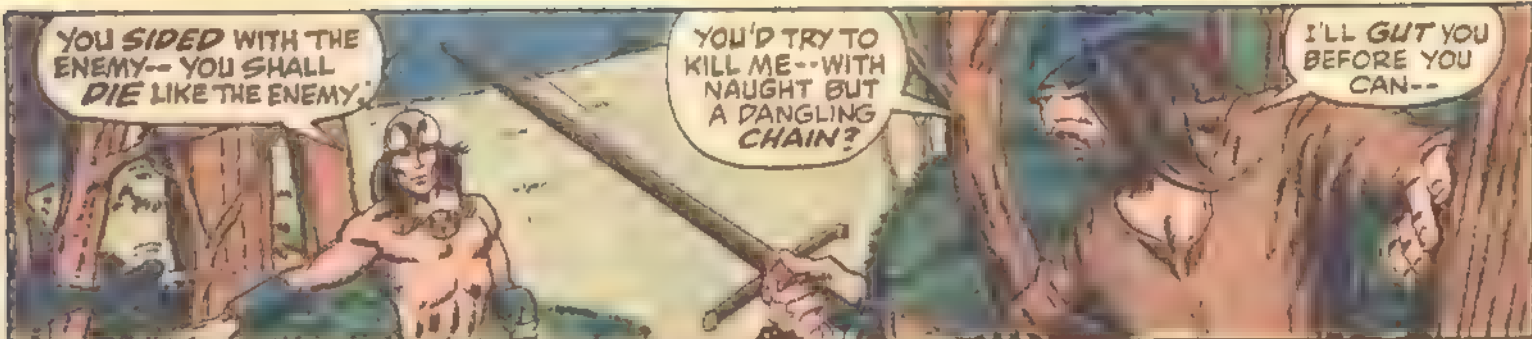
THOUGH TOMAR BE DEFEATED --MALACHI MAY YET SALVAGE HONOR AND BOOTY FROM THIS DAY.

AND KORMLADA SHALL SALVAGE MALACHI.

AH--THERE HE IS-- BUT WHO--?

SPEAK, BLAST YOU, BARBARIAN-- SPEAK!

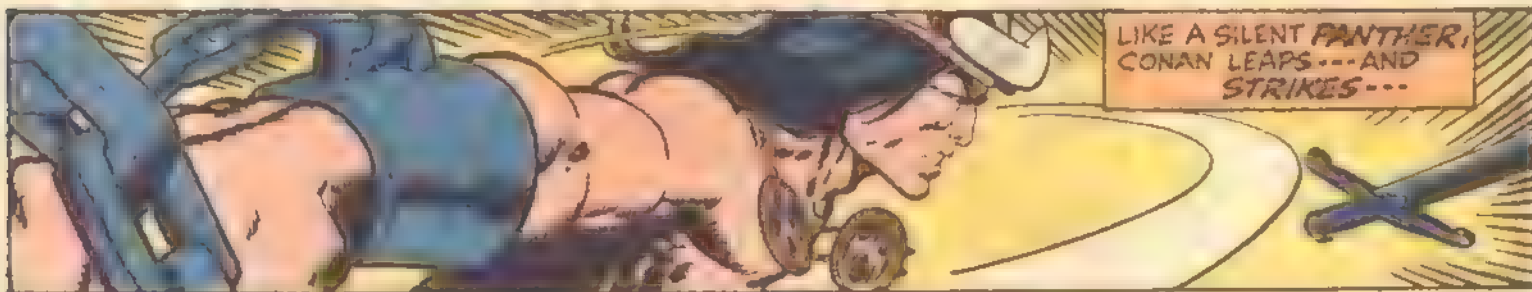
DON'T JUST DOG MY TRAIL-- LIKE SOME STALKING WOLF.



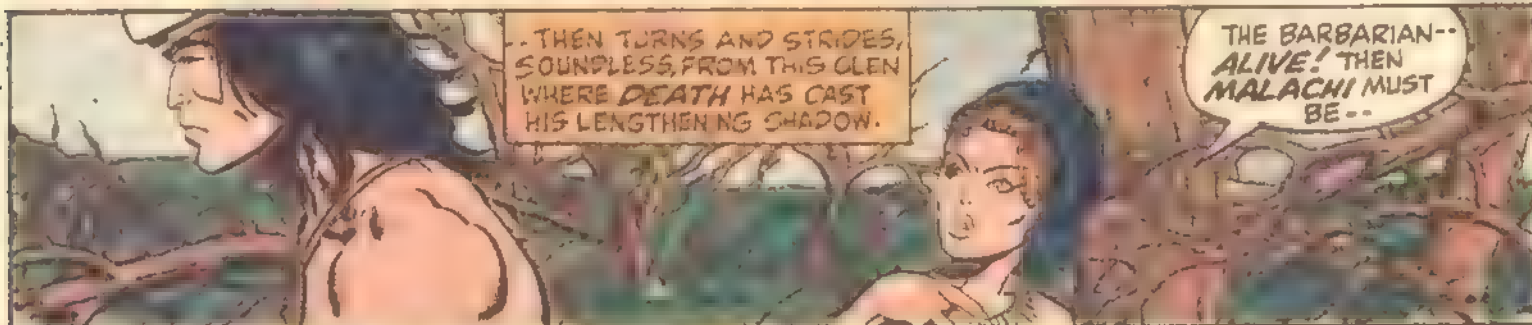
YOU SIDED WITH THE ENEMY-- YOU SHALL DIE LIKE THE ENEMY.

YOU'D TRY TO KILL ME-- WITH NAUGHT BUT A DANGLING CHAIN?

I'LL GUT YOU BEFORE YOU CAN--



LIKE A SILENT PANTHER, CONAN LEAPS---AND STRIKES---



... THEN TURNS AND STRIDES, SOUNDLESS, FROM THIS GLEN WHERE DEATH HAS CAST HIS LENGTHENING SHADOW.

THE BARBARIAN-- ALIVE! THEN MALACHI MUST BE--



-- DEAD.

AND WITH HIM-- THE DREAMS I'VE DREAMED--- THE SCHEMES I'VE---

NO! HE CANNOT BE DEAD. LIVE, YOU SPINELESS WORM --- LIVE!

LIVE!!

BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER-- UNLESS ONE COUNTS THE MOCKING SILENCE.



WHILE, AT THE NEARBY CAMP-SITE, TWO CUPS OF HATRED SUDDENLY RUN OVER, AS---

TOMAR-- YOU!

BUT--MY GUARDS! HOW DID YOU GET--?

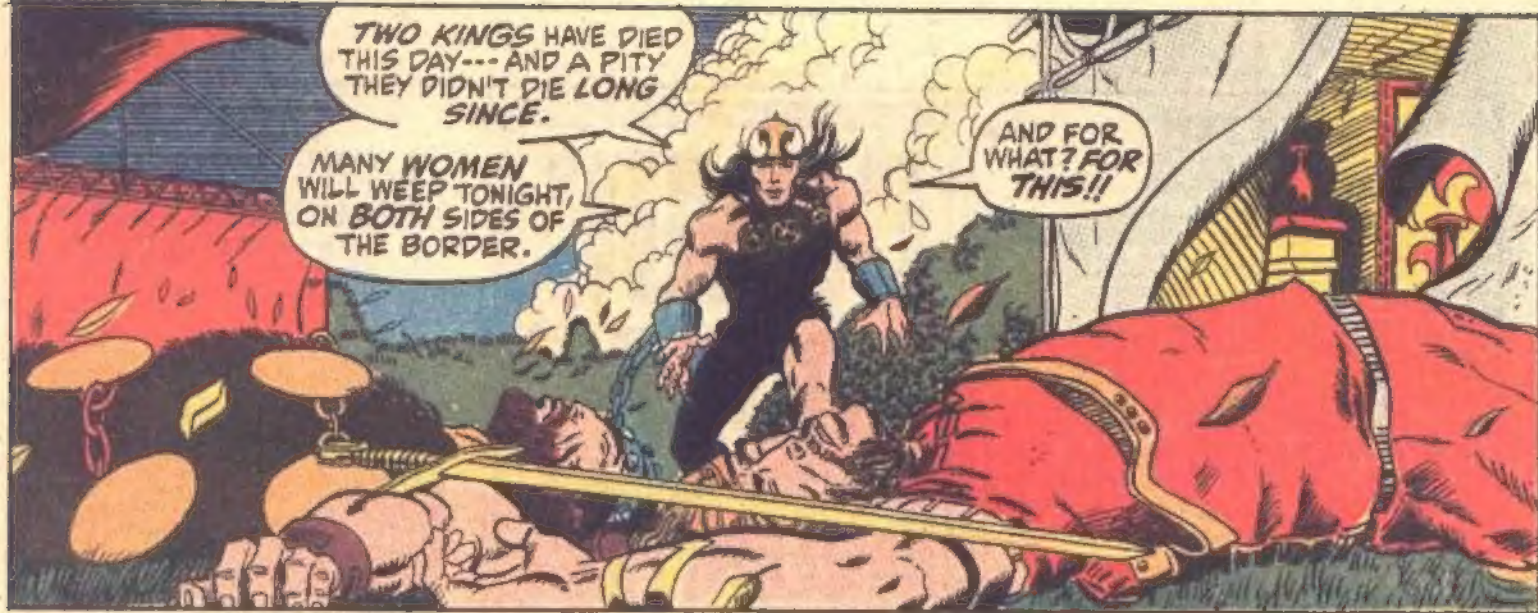
YOUR GUARDS ARE CARELESS, BRIAN-- CAROUSING AND SHOUTING AFAR OF THEIR GREAT VICTORY--



--A VICTORY YOU WILL NEVER SHARE, BY BORRI!

WHAT??





TWO KINGS HAVE DIED
THIS DAY--- AND A PITY
THEY DIDN'T DIE LONG
SINCE.

MANY WOMEN
WILL WEEP TONIGHT,
ON BOTH SIDES OF
THE BORDER.

AND FOR
WHAT? FOR
THIS!!

THE SUN HAS *SUNK*
NOW, IN A DARK OCEAN
OF SCARLET---



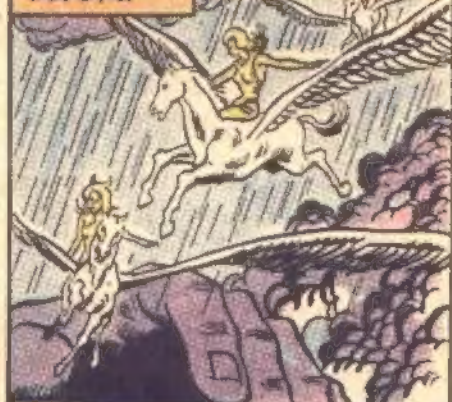
GREAT CLOUDS
ROLL AND TUMBLE,
AND A WIND BLOWS
OUT OF THEM---



AND, BORNE ON THAT
WIND, ETCHED SHADOWY
AGAINST THE CLOUDS---



---RIDE SHAPES WHICH THE
YOUNG BARBARIAN HAS SEEN
BEFORE---



THE CHOOSERS
OF THE
SLAIN!



AND
WITH THEM
--THE GREY
MAN!



I SEE IT NOW.
HE IS BORRI--
BORRI, THE
NORTHERN
WAR-GOD--

--SENDING
HIS WILD WOMEN
TO GATHER LOST
SOULS FOR ONE
LAST TIME.



FOR, EVEN
THE GODS MUST
DIE--WHEN THEIR
ALTARS CRUMBLE
--AND THEIR
WORSHIPPERS
ALL ARE FALLEN.

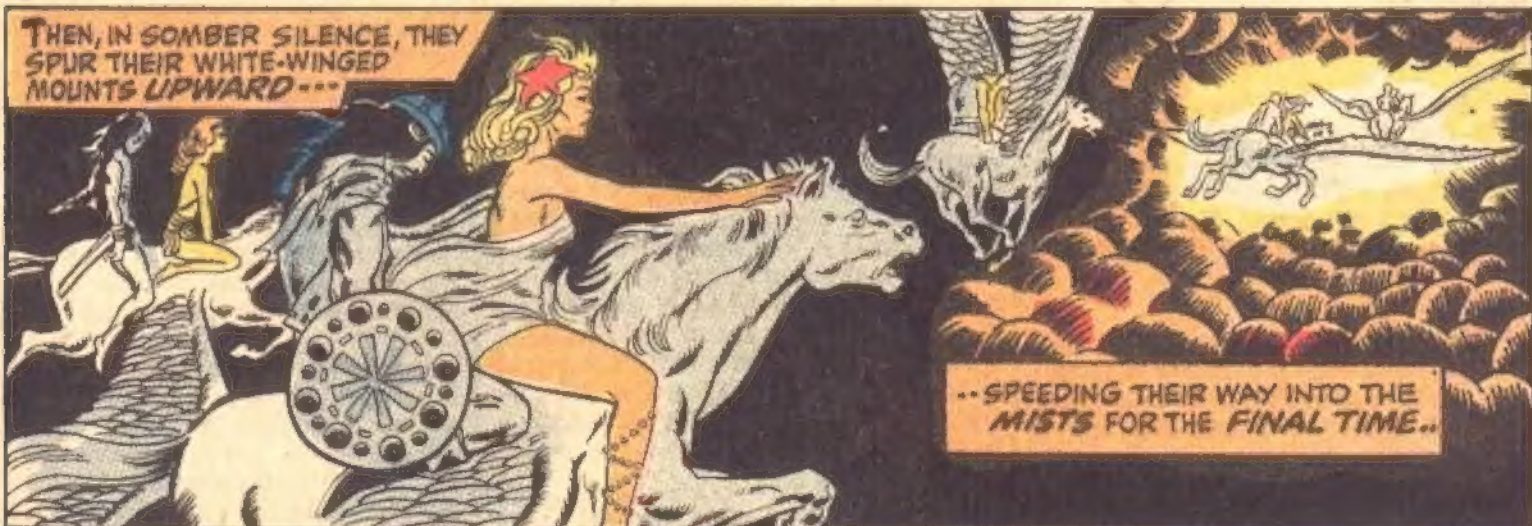
AND NOW BEGINS THE CHOOSING OF THE WORTHY ONES... AMIDST THE CRIES OF LONG-DEAD HEROES WHISTLING IN THE VOID, AND THE SHOUTS OF FORGOTTEN GODS.



BUT, IF SOME HYPERBOREAN SOULS CRY OUT-- THE TAUT-LIPPED MAIDENS DO NOT SEEM TO HEAR.



THEN, IN SOMBER SILENCE, THEY SPUR THEIR WHITE-WINGED MOUNTS UPWARD---



--SPEEDING THEIR WAY INTO THE MISTS FOR THE FINAL TIME--

--AS A BLACK-MANED BARBARIAN SIGHS, AND RECALLS A GOD'S LAST VOW--

"SOON YOU SHALL WITNESS THE PASSING OF KINGS-- AYE--



"--AND OF MORE THAN KINGS!"



FINIS

THE HYBORIAN PAGE

© MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

The first smash issue of CONAN THE BARBARIAN drew an unprecedented number of letters — a multitudinous mountain of mail which ran the critical gamut from extravagant praise to a very occasional out-and-out pan. Since a heavy advertising schedule dictated at the last minute that we feature only a one-page LP this month, we therefore decided to present for your enlightenment and edification a random sampling of excerpts from the missives we've received since CONAN #1 went on sale. Ready — set — GO!

"The best thing that's happened to comics since the FANTASTIC FOUR!" — Johnathan Toms, Nashville, Tenn.

"Barry Smith makes Conan look as I often imagine him whilst reading among my complete collection of Conan paperbacks, even though he's not as muscular as the cover suggested!" — Larry Nunn, New York, N.Y.

"Let's go step by step. (1) The artwork: Unending, exciting action. Barry has hit the peak of his talent. (2) The script: Roy keeps beating himself with each story he writes. Robert E. Howard would be proud himself. (3) Conan: The true barbarian. Hero, but not saint. Young, but experienced. Captureable, but unstoppable." — Jerry Gelb, Miami Beach, Fla.

"Crom! That was some comic! My only criticism was that I had always pictured Conan as being somewhat taller and — note this — broader!" — Michael Jordan, Saginaw, Mich.

"Where does Conan fit in the Marvel world? Is he real or fiction in the Baxter Building?" — Paul Sanford (address lost).

"Barry and Roy captured the essence of Conan better than deCamp and Carter in their finish to the series, Conan of the Isles. I think the limitations of the caption space which Roy had were well overcome by the savagery in the art!" — William J. Rogers, San Angelo, Tex.

"Barry Smith will soon be the artist to fill the void left by Jack Kirby!" — Jim Griffin, Roseburg, Ore.

"The cover was beautiful, marred only by the single, useless word balloon." — Thomas Anthony, Bethlehem, Pa.

"Now why don't you go all the way and come out with a mag about King Kull!" — Darrel Smith.

"I was stunned! Where was the Conan I knew, the Conan who would annihilate any foe, tackle any sorcerer? I saw no such Conan! I saw a frail, thin, long-haired, run-of-the-mill medieval soldier, who runs around fight with a cavalry sabre, not a broadsword! One thing held me on: a tiny spark of light in the darkness! I saw Conan, the Conan I knew if I looked hard enough. I saw the genuine Hyborian Age, complete with authentic scenery, battlefields littered with bodies, and Conan fighting it out with the other survivor! I saw Conan attack, kill, and rise in rank swiftly in a savage mercenary army! There was the Conan I knew! I was overjoyed!" — Randy Holder (address lost).

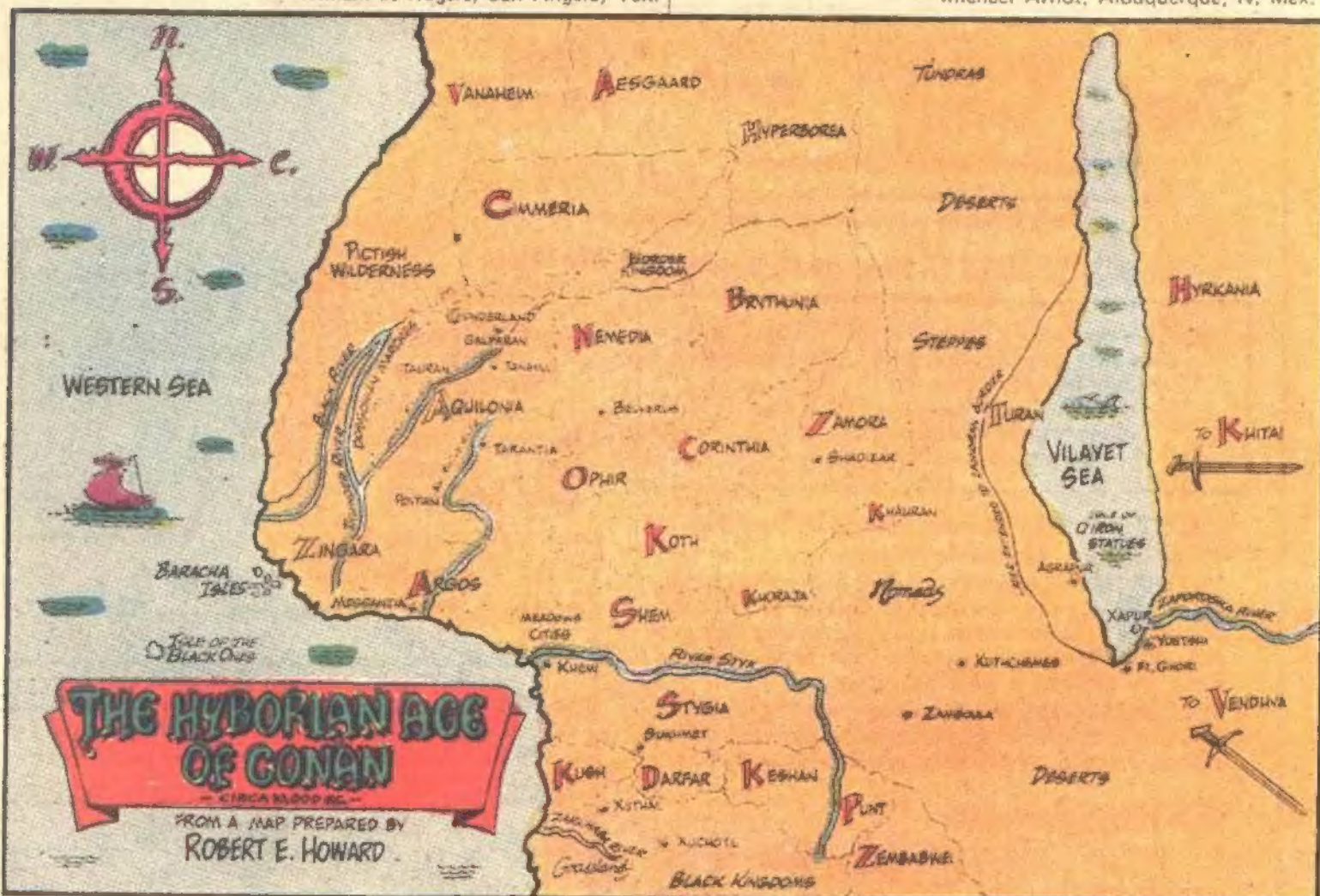
"Well, you've finally done it! CONAN #1 proves that Marvel is really making it! I never thought it would be possible to adapt such a great action hero into a comic!" — Rob Reiner, El Monte, Calif.

"Just one suggestion: either make CONAN a monthly, or make it 25¢ and twice as large!" — Frank Lynch, N. Palm Beach, Fla.

"Roy, you did a very nice job here, showing knowledge of and respect for the original character." — David Simons, Walkill, N.Y.

"I notice you changed the original barbarian land of 'Asgard' to 'Aesgaard' to prevent instant confusion with Thor's homeland!" — Lewis Forro, Savannah, Ga.

"I wish you would send more copies to Albuquerque. I was able to buy only seven copies of issue #1!" — Michael Arndt, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



NEXT: TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT!